20c SEPTEMBER 10, 1951

Lincoln Kirstein on Malraux — page 18

New Republic

EUROPE the Battleground

By MICHAEL STRAIGHT

The first in a series of four reports on Europe and the United States

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Letters

The Way We Live Now

● Somebody should give Kay Vining (*NR*, August 20) a short home-study course in simple arithmetic. My recollection of the Eckels and Reynolds letters was that they regarded themselves as fortunate in having better-than-average incomes of approximately $4,500 a year. This *is* considerably better than the average income today, but for the sake of argument let's take it as the average income of your readers. According to the arithmetic they taught us in our old-fashioned school, this figures out to $375 a month, forgetting about tax deductions.

If the American family with an income of $4,500 tried to maintain Mrs. Vining's standard of eating they would, according to her own figures, spend $170 of this $375 per month in the grocery store, and unless they gorged daily on whipped cream their milk bill shouldn't be over $30 a month. Mrs. Vining averages $27 a month for heat and utilities. If she lived in a Northern climate she wouldn't be able to get by on $130 a year for heat and hot water, but let's stick to her figures.

This leaves $148 a month. A lot of money if you hold it in your hand all at once. . . . In this community, house payments run between $60 and $70 a month for a jerry-built, one-story frame house, with "dining space" in a 12′ x 18′ living room and two tiny bedrooms. If house payments are what they are making, they have the additional cost of taxes and upkeep. If they are paying rent they are lucky to find a livable apartment for $80 a month, but of course then they save the taxes, upkeep and Mrs. Vining's $11 a month for heat. So let's take $70 a month out of the $148 and hope that their in-laws help with the taxes if they own a house.

This leaves—mind you, if they are lucky—$78 a month.

Now let's say they have no car. Papa rides the streetcar. Let's say he has only a five-day week and carries his lunch. (On $47 a week for groceries, he'd better.) Let's also say that he doesn't smoke or drink coffee or *ever* stop for a coke or a short beer. It's still $8 a month for streetcar fare for him. Mama is too busy cooking up all those groceries so she never goes anywhere. . . . They now end up with $70 a month.

I don't know about other people but our extremely conservative life- and fire-insurance program costs us only $20 a month, and hospitalization another $4. This leaves our $4,500-per-year family with $46 a month. Let's leave out the medical expenses. Let's say that with that wonderful diet they never get sick—their children never need shots or dental checkups. They surely don't need extra vitamins and they can brush their teeth with the old mixture of soda and salt. If Mama doesn't go out she doesn't need cosmetics, deodorants or $2 home permanents.

So they still have $46 a month. How will they squander that?

On clothing? Again I don't know about other people but we have three growing boys. Let's buy them a pair of shoes three times a year instead of the four times the doctors recommend. For cheap shoes these run $6, $5 and $4 for the baby—$45 for them a year. Two pairs apiece for me at $7.50 and for Papa at $9.50, plus at least one resoling job for Papa at $3, makes a grand total of $83 a year for just shoes. Twelve pairs of socks apiece for the boys and Papa (Mama, remember, stays home and needs no nylons) makes $17 a year for socks. Let's say $20 a year for underwear and let's get wild and buy Mama a couple of slips and a girdle for a total of $13. So far, $133 a year.

But we can't let them go out in their underwear and shoes. So we buy the boys four pairs of jeans apiece a year for $35, twelve shirts for them make another $25, (flannelette in the winter, T shirts in the summer). Let's buy Papa about three shirts and hope he gets by. Another $12 shot. Let's buy Mama enough material to make a couple of house dresses—$6 down the drain. Let's say we can get the kid's overshoes (and make them do for rubbers too) for $5 apiece—$15. Let's say that we can pick up their winter jackets at a rummage sale, along with a couple of sweaters and some extra shirts and some winter hats to keep their ears warm. If we're lucky we should be able to do this for another $20.

Let's assume that these rich in-laws hand along *their* kids' old Sunday suits for yours to wear. Let's suppose that Papa's old suit will stand another year, if we turn the cuffs on the pants, ditto his overcoat (did you know that a little dye brushed on with a toothbrush will help that frayed look around the cuffs?), ditto Mama's poor old coat. Let's say that she can knit everybody a pair of winter mittens for about five bucks. Let's say neither Mama nor Papa wears a hat and Mama carries all her extra cash in her sock (shoe, I mean, she has no socks) and doesn't need a purse. So we've gotten by for another year, anyhow, on $21 a month for clothes!

This leaves $25 a month. Over $5 a week. They don't buy any furniture—kids being what they are, let's wait until they get older. Sometimes they wear out a sheet or a towel or a broom. Say, at most, a couple of bucks a month.

So we end up with $23 a month for high living—to squander on books, the opera, the *New Republic*, new cars and general extravagance.

Let's all say a little prayer that our $4,500-a-year American family keeps getting along so nicely. They would be unfortunate, indeed, if they had to pay their own taxes, either income or real estate, or higher rent, or extra heating costs or a doctor's or dentist's bill.

God help them if they should need to repair the house or buy a new refrigerator when the old one gets to where all that lovely food is spoiling between calls by the repairman. If any of these little things come up, they might have to cut down on that $47 a week for food.

The people who make less than $4,500 a year, we won't even think about. How do they live on $3,000 a year ($10 a week over Mrs. Vining's grocery bill, before taxes), which is what the average factory worker makes today?

Palatine, Ill. MARGARET BAUMAN

● I read the letters on "The Way We Live Now."

I am a skilled craftsman, 60 years of age, and still hold a job. Everybody knows that there are far more people employed today than ever before in history—more than 60 million, it is claimed. In spite of the federal withholding tax and other payroll deductions, an hour's work will still buy more groceries than ever before in history.

My work-week is 35 hours, when it used to be from 48 on up. I live in a substantial, modern six-room house with all the pushbutton modern conveniences. I used to live in a cheap frame house and took my bath in a zinc tub in the kitchen on Saturday nights.

I used to carry in coal and carry out ashes throughout the winters. Now I have regulated, automatic heat.

I used to hang onto a strap, inhale garlic and stogies and have others step upon my corns daily when commuting to my job. Nowadays I drive—and so does everybody else.

I used to do a lot of things that I don't do now. I am living well. My neighbors are living well. There is not much woe, want, misery and poverty in these parts nowadays. There certainly used to be, though.

Employment, living conditions and things economical have most assuredly taken a phenomenal rise in the past 20 years. In fact, it has gone beyond the fondest hopes and dreams of all of us. We now literally have "two cars in every

(*Continued on page 4*)

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New Republic

CONTENTS FOR SEPT. 10, 1951

5 $1.62 Foreign Policy
An Editorial

6 The Week:

6 Germs of Propaganda

6 India's Vacant Chair

7 Arab League Blusters

7 Reforms à la Carte

7 Labor Divorce

8 The Attack on the Co-ops

9 Outside America

10 Breakdown in Gas Regulation, by Lorraine Nelson

13 Europe the Battleground, by Michael Straight

15 The World's Greatest Commentator, by Harry Conn

17 Harold L. Ickes

18 Books:

18 "The Twilight of the Absolute," reviewed by Lincoln Kirstein

19 "Failure in Japan," reviewed by Thomas C. Smith

20 "Dominations and Powers," reviewed by Adrienne Koch

20 "The Tenney Committee," reviewed by Leonard B. Boudin

21 Music

22 Movies

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WASHINGTON WIRE

CAN TRUMAN get the 64 Senate votes necessary to ratify the up-coming Japanese treaty? Presumably so. But you can never tell. There is nothing to guarantee that the Senate will tie its own foreign policy into the Administration's. It is part of the jolly American system that we can have two separate foreign policies at the same time. The Senate's Kem amendment ordered America's European allies not to trade with Russia in a way the Administration called absurd; now the Senate has finally dropped the Kem amendment but substituted the so-called Battle bill which is almost as restrictive. Then again, the GOP constantly terms Acheson a fool if not a traitor. Or to take another instance, the Senate has just slashed economic-recovery aid for Europe to less than half the sum which the Administration called "essential." The Senate voted guns for Europe all right, but not butter. This led Administration leader Brien McMahon to quote a European statesman to the effect that when Western Europe gets through with all this rearmament business there may be so much misery that nobody will be left to use the guns but Communists.

The gap that separates Washington from the nation always impresses us. We got out of town recently—always an illuminating experience for a Washington reporter. Our local paper had a few half-hearted foreign stories. Our local radio had Fulton Lewis. Our neighbors asked with a simplicity that was more startling than a direct charge if it weren't true that the State Department is pro-Communist and George Marshall senile? The words "Washington" and "Federal Government" were smear words. We could only wonder at the effective way in which the great conservative mass periodicals, now aided by McCarthy, have driven a wedge between the people and the government. The cynicism toward Washington is a bit reminiscent of French cynicism prior to the collapse before Hitler. But France was decadent; here at home it is different—a revolt of the primitives, goaded by demagogues and fanned by conservative partisanship which for years has depicted Washington as wicked and profligate. What a gift to Stalin! The goal of US foreign policy—defeat of Moscow without a world war—can only be achieved by flexibility, unity and infinite patience. Yet this permits every move short of an ultimatum to be interpreted as "weakness." Again and again we come back to the same question, whether our quaint form of government with its built-in antagonism between the executive and the legislative and its opportunity for two foreign policies at the same time can meet the infinite complexity of the present global struggle?

With an audacity that was typical, but staggering, Mr. Justice Douglas told reporters at San Francisco at the end of his overseas trip that the US should recognize Communist China, as Britain has. Naturally this created a howdy-do in Washington. Mr. Douglas couldn't see why he shouldn't say that if he thought it. Very likely his timing is wrong. But there Communist China is; sooner or later we must face the fact. The alternative policy of Henry Luce-Alfred Kohlberg of declaring a holy war to restore Chiang's government-in-exile is not likely to get very far, even with GOP primitives.

Our conscience troubles us about the big new US Savings Bond Drive. Obviously a successful savings campaign will help fight inflation. Dollars saved in bonds won't compete for scarce goods. But certain facts must be faced. Congress has not yet taken other steps likely to halt inflation. A year from now we shall be spending $60 billion for military goods as against $40 billion

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today. Eric Johnston calls the present interval a "lull before the storm." Congress isn't going to enact adequate taxes or require other belt-tightening sacrifices. In our view bond-buyers deserve to know these facts. A shrinking dollar means that a $100 bond will be worth less when it matures. Last week the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that the cost of living hit an all-time high in mid-June. Simultaneously the market price of industrial stocks reached a peak for 21 years, showing what Wall Streeters are buying as their own hedge against inflation. Government bonds are ideal for certain types of investment. But every man who makes a purchase should realize the new stake he has in getting adequate federal anti-inflation controls.

The 1952 election is now influencing the course of widely separated candidates. Sen. Tom Connally of Texas (74) is up for re-election and is trying to divest himself of the "pro-Acheson" label which his hitherto generally admirable internationalist stand has implied. So he is voting to slash foreign aid a billion dollars or so. Senator McCarthy threatens to campaign against Connally in Texas if Connally comes through his primary fight—where he will probably be opposed by Gov. Allen Shivers, who belongs to the Byrd "economy" school. Quite a different effect of the forthcoming election appears in the Taft camp. Taft knows his danger is being called an isolationist. So he is carefully avoiding trimming any funds for Eisenhower in Europe on the military side, however much he may vote for slashes in economic aid. This process of political protective coloration will continue in months to come with other candidates. McCarthy himself, incidentally, is up for re-election in Wisconsin. Nothing he can do from now on can change his spots—or should we, perhaps, say stripes? The hard-hitting NY *Post* started a series of 17 articles on McCarthy on Tuesday, September 4.

Taft supporters weren't able to block a Senate investigation of alleged 1950 Ohio election irregularities which Taft first raised and shushed when he found the probe was taken seriously.

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

garage" and "two chickens in every pot"—ask the automobile manufacturers and the poultry raisers—and "grass *is not* growing on the streets of thousands of cities, villages and towns." But in spite of this one hears more disgruntled, moaning, belly-aching talk than ever before. I don't understand it. I don't get their viewpoint. I believe that they are just simply ungrateful.

WILLIAM K. TINSLEY
Landover Hills, Md.

Black for President

● Through the pages of the *New Republic*, a motion has been made and seconded for the nomination of the Hon. Hugo Black of the Supreme Court, to be President of the US. Speak up, ladies and gentlemen, if you want a clean deal.

Hollywood, Calif. M. E. MASON

Douglas (W.O.) for President

● The suggestion of the name of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court William O. Douglas as our next President should meet with widespread approval. Here is indeed a "genuine, true man of the people," a citizen who reflects honor and respect upon the country he serves, a man of vision, diplomatic, and a statesman of finest calibre. Let us choose our next President carefully.

ALICIA HAMILTON
Huntington Park, Calif.

Applause for Mr. Ickes

● We appreciate Mr. Ickes' articles; we know he will live on in the hearts of the people long after Mac's fans have faded away with Mac. We need more writers like Mr. Ickes who are not afraid to tell the truth. . . .

Louann, Ark. A. P. PURIFOY

What New England Needs

● Solomon Barkin in your August 20 issue concerns himself with "The Economic Revival of New England." Lack of industrial development, in recent years in this part of the nation, he blames in part on vested interests being indifferent to the starting of new enterprises. An answer to this indifference is to be found in Jean Begeman's article in the same issue on a proposed amendment to limit the federal income tax to a maximum of 25 percent, no matter how large the taxpayer's income.

Let this amendment pass and I dare say that the economy of a manufacturing community, such as New England, will greatly improve. It was the desire to make a fortune, and the fact that hard, resourceful work could lead to such which had much to do with this area's original industrial growth. Today the desire is less dominant because the great variety of high state and federal taxes cause its realization to be relatively impossible.

Nevertheless, several new enterprises have come into existence in New England since World War II—electronics laboratories, the most successful and a pioneer among those firms preparing radioactive chemicals for peace-time applications, and manufacturers of scientific equipment, generally. Moreover, there are two newly established financial concerns, staffed by some of "Boston's Back Bay social register," whose purpose is to provide working capital to new ventures. Several of the latter, so financed, have now grown substantially, and the many new jobs created have been filled by New England's rich reserve of human talent.

WALTON A. WICKETT
Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

The Non-skeds

● The letter from Arthur Teitelbaum concerning "sharp practices of many of the travel agents who specialize in the non-sked field" which appeared in your letters columns of August 6 has just been brought to my attention.

This matter always arouses the utmost anger, together with a feeling of futility on the part of this association, because we have spent tens of thousands of dollars and untold effort to clean up an irresponsible, independent ticket-agency situation for which nonscheduled carriers are not responsible, but for which they are continually maligned.

However, I am glad to report that since the Aircoach Transport Association's "police" campaign was launched two years ago, two of the largest national independent ticket agencies, which were also two of the most flagrant violators of ethical business practices among the agencies generating traffic for non-skeds, have gone out of business.

If passengers would report experiences of maltreatment at the hands of irresponsible ticket agents to this association, it would greatly aid us in our campaign to clean up a situation which is making more difficult the carrier's task of establishing a reliable low-cost air-transportation system which the traveling public needs.

ERIC SMITH
Director of Public Relations, Aircoach Transport Association, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

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$1.62 FOREIGN POLICY

As AMERICA'S foreign-aid commitments for next year take on final form, it appears certain that President Truman's request for funds will be cut more drastically than ever before. Already the Senate has lopped off more than $1 billion from the $8.5 billion military- and economic-aid bill presented by the Administration.

When a Senate subcommittee visited General Eisenhower in France recently, he told them: "We must go to the limit of our productive capacity and of the power of Europe to absorb our military assistance and get the job done now."

But when the proposed mutual-security program to provide the means for achieving Eisenhower's goal came up for consideration in the Senate, Everett Dirksen (R, Ill.) proved to have a larger following in that body than Dwight Eisenhower. "America can die from suicide from within—suicide via the fiscal route before those other dangers could reach us," Col. Robert McCormick's creation told his colleagues. "I think we should remember that every billion dollars we lay out for foreign aid is equivalent to $6.50 for every man, woman and child in this country. . . . The time has come to liquidate."

No member of Congress wants to be in a position of seeming to refuse General Eisenhower whatever he says is necessary to arm and strengthen Western Europe. The Congressional *Record* in recent weeks, therefore, has been packed with testimonials to the principle of foreign aid delivered by many an isolationist, seeking documentary protection in case popular sentiment should develop against the aid cut before the next election. For the same reason the reduced foreign-aid bill finally passed with fewer "nay" votes than any major foreign-assistance bill had ever received in the past. Only five Senators had the courage to say a flat no to any aid at all. However, the isolationists wrecked their havoc by boldly asserting that economic and military assistance were two entirely different and separate things and that while they favored military aid, economic assistance was not needed.

General Eisenhower had given the answer to that kind of sophistry in telling the Senators:

> Remember that this conflict—spiritually, industrially, economically, militarily—is all tied together. And let us not try to separate the parts because they relate one to the other. A basic aim is to give assurance to Western Europe: the confidence that it is all right for it to go out and do its best. That's what American leadership should do here, and is doing, I am convinced. All the way round with my civilian associates and everyone else, we are trying to create that feeling of confidence.

It served the purposes of the Taft-Dirksen Republicans to distort the facts as Eisenhower had stated them. Neither these two Senators nor any of those associated with them appeared before the hearings on the mutual-aid plan to propose any specific cuts in the committee proposals or answer the arguments in favor of a substantial economic-aid program. They never attempted to offer answers to the arguments for economic, as well as military, assistance or to contradict "the simple mathematics involved" in economic aid, as explained by Sen. Brien McMahon:

> Without US economic aid we can expect that there will be manufactured in two countries of Western Europe $53 million worth of ammunition and explosives; with US economic aid, we can expect the production of $226 million worth of ammunition and explosives. In aircraft, we can expect, with our military-aid appropriations, $82 million worth of aircraft; but, if we give them some marginal economic aid, which is all the authorization contemplates, we would double it to $167 million worth of aircraft. . . . On the basis of common sense, if we can put $82,000 into a factory in Denmark, and from that $82,000 have $452,000 worth of submachine guns produced; if, in France, we can invest $312,000, and have $8 million worth of tank destroyers produced, it would seem to me that little argument would be needed in order to prove that those who think there is no relationship between economic aid and military aid are not looking at the situation realistically.

Taft and Dirksen were not interested in looking at the situation realistically. They were interested in obscuring the argument and crippling the foreign-assistance program, if possible without appearing to be stabbing General Eisenhower in the back.

When Dirksen offered an amendment to cut $250 million from the $1.13 billion proposed for economic aid for Europe, he blandly claimed that "by no stretch of the imagination does [this amendment] have anything to do with military funds." For the most part, he and the

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irresponsible men who backed him up stuck to the old claims that the Europeans are tired and cowardly, and that the $14 billion already spent in Europe is more than we can afford to invest in world security.

When it came to a showdown, Senator Taft failed even to back up his loud claim that he would vote to support Eisenhower militarily. After the $250 million cut in economic aid was voted by the Senate, Estes Kefauver (D, Tenn.) offered an amendment to add that amount to the military-aid authorization. Senator McMahon called attention to the fact that "a week ago the senior Senator from Ohio declared that he was in favor of all the military aid General Eisenhower had requested and needed. Here is the Senator's chance to vote for it."

When the votes came, 36 Senators carried the Chicago *Tribune* amendment. This undermining of resistance to Communist aggression was voted by such "opponents" of Communism as Taft, Butler, Mundt, Kem and McCarthy. Just five Republicans, members of the party which claims Eisenhower as its leader, voted to sustain Eisenhower. Twenty-eight of 33 Republicans on the Senate floor directly repudiated Eisenhower.

To these unreconstructed isolationists, petty economies had more potential political appeal than purposeful sacrifices. The $250 million they tore from the economic program for Europe could be represented as $1.62 saved for each citizen by his guardian on Capitol Hill. Senator McMahon, who substituted valiantly as Administration leader when Foreign Relations Chairman Tom Connally bolted to the side of the economizers in preparation for his coming re-election campaign, replied to their kind of reasoning:

> What will it profit anyone to be told that he has saved [$1.62] when the bombs begin to rain upon the cities of America? Destroy Western Europe and let it pass, with its productive capacity, behind the Iron Curtain, and what is implied in the question would come to pass as surely as that we stand on the floor of the Senate.

By misrepresenting the issues and appealing to selfish instincts, the Taft forces, thus far, have succeeded in blocking the authorization of adequate American funds for mutual security.

But the fault is not entirely the blindness of the Taft Republicans. The strategy followed by the Administration in presenting its proposals for military and economic aid as a single program confused public understanding of the issue and made it impossible to rally general support when the economic part of the plan fell under attack. Naive members of the State Department supposed that by tucking the economic proposals between the pages of the huge military assistance plan, the economic proposals would go unchallenged. When they were challenged, the Administration was in the embarrassing position of seeming to have tried to slip something over on Congress. The public, understanding neither the strategy nor the purpose, did not enter into the fight at all.

THE WEEK

GERMS OF PROPAGANDA

The American Medical Association, which spent over $4 million during the last two years to discredit the Administration's proposed health-insurance program, has set its "medical-education" goal for the next year at $18 million. The AMA's new president, John W. Cline, recently called on every physician to contribute $100 a year—instead of the $25 assessment previously required—to create a fund for donations to medical schools. In this way, the AMA hopes to scuttle federal aid to medical schools.

At the AMA's June convention in Atlantic City, out-going President Elmer Henderson opened the political fight by declaring that "until after the election in 1952, we cannot afford to take any chances." *Medical Economics* (July issue), a drug trade publication, admitted:

> A number of professions and industries are ready to band together in a massive election-year campaign against all forms of state socialism. Their target will be the national candidates who lean toward schemes like compulsory health insurance. Their techniques will be those exploited so successfully by the medical profession last year. . . . Looks as if doctors will soon be in politics again—and this time with plenty of help.

Although the deans of medical schools throughout the country have unanimously endorsed S 337, a bill to provide federal aid for medical schools, the AMA refused to give the measure unqualified support at its June convention. Medical deans estimate that their schools need $40 million annually over and beyond present income, plus several hundred thousand for construction.

While the AMA admits that there is need to expand physical plants in medical schools, the doctor lobby fears such a measure would be "a fringe bill—an entering wedge for socialized medicine."

INDIA'S VACANT CHAIR

The San Francisco Conference on the Japanese Peace Treaty has opened without India. That country declined to attend, a refusal everywhere taken to be a personal decision of Nehru himself. Aside from some minor points, there are two chief aspects of India's attitude: she objects because the future of Formosa is not to be settled at this time, and she objects to an agreement keeping American troops in Japan, made before that country is independent and sovereign.

Both these arguments sound extremely

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odd to Western ears. The future of Formosa is bound up with the issue between the Chinese Nationalists and Communists: if an attempt had been made now to settle that matter, there would have been no treaty. To Americans, at least, the idea of letting Japan subsequently choose which Chinese government she will recognize seemed like diplomacy at a high level. As for the second point, as someone has said, Nehru seems to want all the American forces to be taken out of Japan momentarily while the independence of that country is formally recognized, and then put back again: the sort of legalistic maneuvering which serves to emphasize the difference between Oriental and Occidental thinking, to their common despair.

Various sophisticated reasons are being suggested for Nehru's attitude: he is again (or still) trying to be neutral in the Cold War; he is trying to bring pressure on Great Britain and the US in regard to a possible full-scale renewal of the conflict with Pakistan; he is guided by complicated questions of internal Indian politics; he is continuing to be obsessed with his desire for Asia for the Asiatics, and cannot look rationally at any plan which keeps any last foothold of the white race in Asia outside Siberia.

ARAB LEAGUE BLUSTERS

While Egypt continues to ignore the Security Council's protest against her illegal search and seizure of ships carrying non-military goods to Palestine, the Arab League which she dominates has launched a strong supporting campaign. Egypt does not have a leg to stand on in her violation of the Suez Canal statute since her armistice agreement with Israel specifically forbids war-like acts of this sort, but the Arabs stubbornly continue to defy the authority of the United Nations and Western opinion.

Thus the Arab League's Political Committee has threatened that if the Security Council votes against Egypt's right to search, it will call on all oil-rich Arab states to seize foreign oil companies until they formally agree not to send oil to Haifa. In another equally blustering move the League has let it be known that it is considering urging the cancellation of recent economic agreements between Arab countries and Turkey, because Turkey voted with the West to put the Suez question on the UN agenda.

The vacuum behind these ominous-sounding threats is evident in view of the League's record of talking big but proving unable to unify its warring factions for action, but their implications are none the less tragic. Many more Arabs are likely to be killed because the League has refused to attend a UN Conciliation Commission meeting in Paris, partly because the Commission did not guarantee "that there will be no direct contact between the Arab and Israel delegations." The League boycott policy, recently expanded to the point where its members have refused to attend the next meeting of the World Health Organization, because the Israelis will be there, victimizes no one more than the Arab peoples themselves.

REFORMS à la CARTE

Communist Yugoslavia appears to be one of the few countries seriously applying the Economic Co-operation Administration's formula for strengthening a national economy by encouraging the spirit of enterprise. The latest Yugoslav tax reforms are clearly designed to encourage individual initiative. But Tito continues to stand firm on his collectivization policy. In a highly interesting experiment, the Titoists are seeking to wed the efficient devices of capitalism to an economy dedicated to the achievement of full collectivization.

The most severe tests of Tito's policy have come on the farm. Dissatisfaction among the peasants has been directed against the collectivization program, shortage of machinery and the harsh regime in general. Controversy has raged over the renewal of the three-year collectivization agreements which peasants signed in 1948, and the newspapers have been attacking "anti-social" lawyers who have been encouraging peasants to withdraw their lands from the collectives.

But some concessions had to be made. It was to tax reform that Tito turned. Under the new law, to go into effect January 3, 1952, peasants will know ahead of time how much tax they will have to pay. In the past, taxes were levied retrospectively on the amount of income produced, penalizing the more efficient producers. The highest taxes were paid by those who produced most, had the most cattle or the best methods of cultivation. Now these people will receive more personal return from their industry and will contribute more to the strength of Tito's embattled bastion.

LABOR DIVORCE

With little more than vague explanations, the American Federation of Labor has formally engineered the dissolution of the United Labor Policy Committee, through which labor has had a united and effective voice in the nation's defense mobilization. The action had been recommended by the AFL executive board meeting in Montreal last month.

Other members in the ULPC, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, the International Association of Machinists and the Railway Labor Executives Association have all deplored the action. But the ULPC, the one agency for united labor action, is dead. Hereafter, matters concerning the nation's 15 million organized workers must be referred piecemeal to the various labor groups.

AFL President William Green, in a public statement, announced that the policy committee had been formed on a temporary basis last December to deal with the immediate problems arising from defense mobilization and that it had largely accomplished its objectives. It was the first statement yet issued to the effect that the nation's mammoth defense problems were so near to a solution.

President Green had another explanation for the AFL stand. He said that the ULPC could not be a substitute for organic unity of the trade-union movement, and he urged a resumption of meetings of the AFL-CIO Peace Committees. Full meetings of the two committees have not been held since July, 1950.

Deep concern over the ULPC dissolution was expressed by CIO President Philip Murray:

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We in the CIO can visualize no advantage—to labor or to the nation—in destroying the successes of the present for the theoretical disadvantages of an uncertain future. We have been unable to understand why discussions on the question of eventual merger of the CIO and the AFL might not have proceeded in the ULPC itself; or through separate committees of the two organizations, while the ULPC continued its effective work on important matters related to the defense program. . . . It is, of course, completely erroneous to visualize the problems—both national and international—that led to the creation of the ULPC as now completely solved and belonging only to the pages of history. Everyone knows that our nation and our labor movement must now, and in the years ahead, deal with a host of critical issues.

THE ATTACK ON THE CO-OPS

A bitter fight between the country's farm co-operatives and some of the richest private enterprises in America has lately come to a head in the sanctums of the Senate Finance and House Ways and Means Committees, which have been witnessing a determined attempt to strike at the co-ops at the crucial tax level. The offensive has been led by a business group calling itself the National Tax Equality Association, which draws support from some of the largest power and milling companies in the country, and is frankly dedicated to the principle of cutting the co-ops down to size. The NTEA's chief legislative friend is Sen. John Williams (R, Del.) whose private business is that of feed-dealer in the "corporation state."

Williams and his friends have kept up persistent propaganda, striking at the privileges Congress granted the co-operatives at the turn of the century through tax exemption. In practice the policy was initiated by the War Revenue Act of 1898, which exempted co-ops from stamp taxes, and was continued by the corporation tax laws of 1909 which exempted "agricultural and horticultural associations" from taxes if they were operated exclusively for the mutual benefit of their members.

Like the rest of the country's agricultural policy, favors to the co-ops were given to maintain the welfare and stability of the farming areas. Since that time, however, co-ops have sprouted up all over the country. They are refining and selling their own gasoline in competition with the giants; they buy and sell for their members, mill their own flour and perform many other services which take profit away from private enterprise. Their increase in volume has been very large. Co-ops did $2.1 billion in business in 1940 and $9.3 billion in 1949. Actually the co-ops' proportionate share of the country's business has increased only slightly, and their importance is far less than in many European countries, but they have grown enough to irk big business.

What the NTEA and Williams want to do now is to subject retained earnings of co-ops, as well as their patronage dividends, to corporate taxes. The argument revolves hotly about whether or not the farmer's money or goods ever cease to be his own. The size of some of the larger co-ops, which make millions in business, seems to suggest that they are corporate entities of some kind, and co-op opposition to some sort of tax boost is relatively mild. But they declare that taxing patronage dividends on a corporate basis means striking at the heart of the co-operative principle by which producers band together to avoid letting the middle-man take a big slice out of their profits.

But NTEA is out for blood. Its big contributors—Standard Oil, Clayton, Anderson and Company, and the many local power and milling monopolies—are eager to avoid increased co-op competition. Its organizers, a Chicago firm of industrial consultants, Scott and Schuler, harp on their contributors' fears. Their motives have been scathingly described by Rep. Daniel Reed, a conservative up-state New York Republican, in these words:

> The activities of this organization are nothing less than wholesale racketeering, principally for the benefit of an unscrupulous bunch of professional lobbyists and agitators. In its campaign of misrepresentation and intimidation, this organization professes to be seeking only so-called tax equality, but its real aim is to cripple, and, if possible, to destroy thousands of useful non-profit organizations, such as farmers' co-operatives, building and loan companies, mutual savings banks and mutual insurance companies.

Reed's bitter words give a hint of the curious political alignment which has formed around the co-op issue. Co-ops find their best friends among some of the staunchest GOP Old-Guarders from the agricultural sections. President Truman, in a recent statement on the subject, said that he was all for co-ops. But Treasury Secretary John Snyder has taken the other side, and NTEA literature prominently displays photos of Treasury officials who support its policy. The NTEA has also found willing ears among many Southern Democrats, including Ways and Means Chairman Robert Doughton (N.C.), to whom it once brazenly addressed a wire demanding that his committee stop "pandering to co-op leadership at the expense of small businesses and tax-payers." The Senate committee has voted to tax co-ops.

The NTEA's political tactics are ruthless and bold. Its fire has been trained especially on Reed. The organization's nationally circulated magazine has asked readers to wire the GOP national chairman, Guy Gabrielson, and demand that Reed be put in his place. And, last November, the lobby invaded the Congressional district which Reed has represented since 1918, in an attempt to arouse local business interests against his renomination.

Reed was not severely hurt by the NTEA's "educational work," although such tactics went all too well against many liberal candidates in the 1950 elections. But he was fighting mad at the lobby and its pressure campaign. He has recently denounced the NTEA's attempt to use "huge lobby funds . . . to bamboozle and intimidate Congress" and asked that the Senate subcommittee on ethics in government look into "this scandalous mess" or, better still, direct "a thorough investigation by the Congressional Committee on Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce."

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Outside America

TRACT FOR THE TIMES

The belief that France *is* in effect, and must be in fact, Europe itself in terms of the dynamics of the making of the free world, has been affirmed publicly in one way or another by many statesmen and generals—American as well as French—since the rearmament program moved from the blueprint stage to what the British call the manning tables. As France is, goes and does, so will Europe be, go and do.

Neutralism is the enemy. As Communism is the curse of France, so neutralism is the crime of France, both as a free nation and as a leader among free nations.

Since neutralism was recognized as a major barrier between the potential and the practical in France's contribution to rearmament, there has been a tendency abroad to equate neutralism with intellectualism. And in recent months the choice between French leadership and French neutralism has often been presented as being, both symbolically and in fact, between the valor of the young volunteers in Korea and the decadent sterility of the old intellectuals at home.

But a literary event—the publication and performance of a play of political ideas—which recently took place in Paris suggests that the French intellectuals may, after all, have something useful and vigorous to say about the personal moral dilemma of the free man in our present political "time of troubles."

In *The Devil and the Good Lord*, Jean-Paul Sartre has written a parable for our times, which is perhaps the most powerful work, in clarity and depth of insight, by a French creative writer since the end of the war. In simple, indeed in over-simplified, terms, the argument of the father and founder of French existentialism is that modern free man must reject both *le Diable* and *le Bon Dieu*. Neither the deviltry of inhuman and inhumane destruction nor the do-goodism of an idealism of liberation without roots in the needs of man himself can be a guide. Neither atomic war nor a moralistic rejection of our aloofness from war is the answer. Free man must take his place among men themselves, must accept his obligations to leadership—even when they entail the evil of violence—and must fight as a man for his own and his fellow man's humanity. Few more vigorously anti-neutralist tracts have been written. But the strength of Sartre's play lies in its brilliant and effective presentation and analysis of the various alternatives which face and tempt the thinking man.

The Devil and the Good Lord, a drama set in Germany at the time of the Protestant Reformation and the peasants' rebellion, is infinitely closer to the intellectual climate of Paris of our time than the grotesque caricature Arthur Koestler has presented in *The Age of Longing*. It is being published in Sartre's monthly literary-political magazine *Les Temps Modernes*, the best and probably the most influential of its kind in the country. It is also being given a lavish and excellent stage production at the Theatre Antoine in a cut version which nevertheless runs from eight o'clock to midnight. The late Louis Jouvet, the top-flight actor-director, who brought his company to the US, was the producer; and the equally top-flight performers Pierre Brasseur, Maria Cesares and Jean Vilar head a cast of 50.

The play starts with Conrad, a German knight, and his illegitimate half-brother, Goetz, invading the territory of the Archbishop of Worms, and the middle-class merchant masters of the city of Worms taking advantage of the quarrel between nobles and clergy to rebel and refuse to pay their taxes.

Goetz chooses *le Diable*: he betrays his brother, makes a pact with the Archbishop, but only in order to besiege the city, then massacre all its people. In the city, beset by anarchy and famine, the leader of the "proletariat" forestalls any possible surrender by egging the people on to the murder of the Bishop and the desecration of the Cathedral. Heinrich, priest of the poor, fearing that they will murder the other priests, delivers the keys of the city to Goetz, who mockingly welcomes him to a fraternity in treason.

But Goetz now chooses *le Bon Dieu*, after a scene of brilliant "dialogue" between the opposing political ideas of Machiavellianism and moralism. He abandons the siege of Worms, returns to his castle at Heidensteim, turns over his land to the peasants and poor, preaches pacifism and brotherly love. But, finding that the people cling to their old superstitions—they are more interested in buying fake indulgences than in learning to use their freedom on earth—he too fakes a miracle.

In this portion of the play—when Goetz pretends to have divine sanction for worldly reform—there is a bitter satire on the nature and effectiveness of totalitarian indoctrination. The heroine, Hilda, a woman of the people, who has had influence over them because of her authentic humanity, acts as the foil for the falsity of Goetz's brand of virtuous neutralism.

Goetz now seeks to win over the rebellious peasants from their leader's brand of religiose political action—it derives both from the Protestant cult of uplift and the liberal or Socialist creed of progress. He shows that he is physically stronger than their strongest bully; but the gusty evangelism which defeated him among the backward-looking townsfolk once more beats him among the forward-looking rebels. He returns to the town he had given to the people, finds it destroyed and all the people murdered because they followed his advice to return love for hate, to be pacifist and neutralist. He retreats to the forest, to total isolation from his fellow-men.

Finally, however, he kills Heinrich, by now an outcast and mad; though he commits the crime in self-defense, it breaks the spell of self-imposed service of a false *Bon Dieu* who, in human terms, is not much different from a true *Diable*. In the end, he rejoins the peasants, consents reluctantly to lead them, and when his leadership is contested, reaffirms it by an act of violence.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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BREAKDOWN IN GAS REGULATION

by Lorraine Nelson

THE federal agency charged with the regulation of the natural-gas industry has determined that it has no authority to control the prices at which the nation's biggest producer of natural gas sells its product in interstate commerce. So much was made clear by the Federal Power Commission's announcement July 19 that it had decided in *Matter of Phillips Petroleum Company* that it lacked jurisdiction over Phillips, seller of five percent of the country's natural-gas production. The commission's action—the opinion was released August 22—marks the latest development in a long battle waged by the "independent" producers, whose prices are free of public control, to remain forever outside the law. (The term, "independent," has no fixed definition. But it has been generally used to refer to a producer who is not affiliated with an interstate pipeline. It does not imply any lack of size. Among the FPC's list of leading independents are Phillips, Chicago, Abercrombie, Shamrock, Huber, Rogers, Lacy, Humble, Skelly and Sinclair.)

The previous round had been fought on Capitol Hill, where sponsors of the Kerr bill, led by the senior Senator from Oklahoma, an oil millionaire in his own right, pushed legislation through both Houses of Congress designed to "clarify" the Natural-Gas Act by declaring the "independent" beyond its reach. This maneuver failed when the President exercised his veto. But now, to the delight of the oil and gas industry, and to the astonishment of the commission's own legal staff, four of the commissioners, foremost among them the President's friend, Chairman Mon C. Wallgren, have given the proponents of the Kerr bill the very thing they fought three years to get through Congress. Commissioner Thomas Buchanan was the lone dissenter.

The legal controversy has its roots in the Natural-Gas Act of 1938 and in certain language incorporated in that law. But it is important, first, to take a look at the natural-gas industry itself; it forms a backdrop against which all efforts at regulation must be viewed and understood.

The gas industry falls into three main divisions. First, there are the producers—most of them oil companies—who draw gas from the earth either in its separate state or in conjunction with the pumping of oil. Some of the gas they use on the spot, for pumping and drilling, or sell to nearby industrial users. The bulk, however, is sold to the pipelines, the second main segment of the industry. About half the pipeline gas is consumed within the producing states themselves. The pipelines, in turn, sell to a third group: the distributing companies, scattered throughout the country. The distributing companies resell to household, commercial and industrial users.

In the 1930s, the independent producers of gas held a minor position in the industry. The pipeline companies, for the most part, owned their fields. Encouraged by the rule of capture—which holds that gas belongs to the one who first draws it off—they recklessly exploited their acreage, anxious to utilize the gas beneath the earth before it was drawn off by adjacent owners. Generally they were under no compulsion to buy from outsiders.

In consequence, the independents lacked an accessible market for the gas they drew as a natural by-product of their oil operations, and much of it they let blow into the air. Two factors have helped change the picture. In the first place, the gas-producing states began to adopt laws calculated to halt the gigantic waste. These characteristically took the form of quota laws, compelling the pipeline companies to take gas from the independent producers as well as from their own fields. A second, and probably more important, factor catapulting the independents into positions of ever-increasing importance has been the tremendous increase in the country's demand for natural gas. Since 1940, its use has doubled, and the rate of increase has been climbing steadily since World War II. In 1946, utilities supplied 8.7 million consumers with natural gas, while in 1950, according to the *Survey of Current Business*, there were 12.7 million residential users and 1.14 million commercial and industrial users.

The main source of supply for the pipelines is now the independent producers. In 1947, the pipeline companies in the Southwest, where four-fifths of the nation's gas is produced, received 62 percent of their supply from the independents. In 1952, it is estimated that the figure will reach 77 percent. Simply, this means that while 20 years ago the pipelines were in the saddle, the producers sit there now. The shift in power has been reflected in the prices the independents have been able to command from the pipelines. Between 1939 and 1946, the price was fairly stable. In 1947, it rose somewhat to an average figure of 4.65 cents per thousand cubic feet. In 1948, the average field price in Texas and Louisiana was about 7.5 cents. Often it was 9 and 10 cents. Current prices are going even higher—most of today's contracts include escalator clauses providing for periodic automatic

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increases—though "proved" natural-gas reserves have continued to grow ahead of consumption.

Regulation of the Gas Industry. Regulation began in the states. At an early date, many of them enacted laws regulating the local aspects of the gas industry within their immediate control, such as conservation and production of gas, intrastate transmission and local distribution. But the states conspicuously lacked authority to regulate interstate sales. As early as 1924, the Supreme Court held that a state could not constitutionally regulate the price which an interstate pipeline charged a local distributing company because that would constitute a burden on interstate commerce. Since the federal government had not entered the field of regulation, the pipelines were completely free to call the tune, to charge the distributing companies whatever the traffic would bear. And the distributing companies were legally entitled to charge rates sufficient to cover their operating expenses and to provide a fair return on investment. The consumer, consequently, was helpless. Any increase in pipeline prices was carried automatically into his bill.

The resultant clamor against the pipelines led to passage of the Natural-Gas Act of 1938. It was designed to permit the federal government to plug the gap in state regulation. But, as time proved, it left another vacuum, one in which the independent producer who sold to interstate pipelines has operated at will. The Act gave the FPC power to regulate the "transportation" and the "sale in interstate commerce of natural gas for resale for ultimate public consumption." This gave the commission its undisputed authority to control the pipelines' operations and prices. But the Act contained a proviso that the commission could not regulate "the local distribution of natural gas or . . . *the production or gathering of natural gas.*"

It is this last phrase, which is nowhere defined, that has caused all the controversy over the independents. Clearly, Congress meant to leave the local aspects of production and gathering to regulation by the producing states. But did it also mean to leave the independent producers free of federal regulation in the area where state and local governments are powerless to act? The courts have made it plain that a sale by a producer to an interstate pipeline which carries the gas, without interruption, to consumers in other states is a "sale in interstate commerce." As such, it is beyond control of the producing states even if they wanted to do the job. (Major producing states, far from concerning themselves about producers' high prices, have made periodic efforts, in the name of conservation, to put a floor under field prices.) The independents contend that because they are producers and gatherers, their sales are also beyond the reach of the federal act!

Whatever the merits of this contention, the prices of the powerful independents are not now regulated by anyone. The independent is in the exact position which the pipelines formerly enjoyed. He can charge whatever the traffic will bear. Whatever increases he makes in his prices are passed along, and, as in the days before 1938, it is the consumer who finally foots the bill.

Struggle over Interpretation of the Law. The Natural-Gas Act is obviously a weak statute, one that is subject to varying interpretations depending on the complexion of the administering agency and of the courts. Moreover, legislative history furnishes scant aid in resolving its ambiguities. The Act was passed following a prolonged investigation of the interstate gas and electric industries by the Federal Trade Commission. Both the FTC report and the subsequent Congressional hearings and debates on gas legislation were almost exclusively preoccupied with the unregulated pipelines. While Congress spoke of the need for plugging the gap in state regulation, it gave no explicit consideration to the independents.

The Act did give a measure of temporary relief from pipeline gouging. But it became apparent as early as 1940 that there was perhaps an even more serious gap at the producing end. That year, in the Columbian Fuel Corporation case (2 FPC 200), the FPC decided that it could not regulate independents' prices. Since then the commission's position has swung back and forth as its membership has changed.

During World War II, the commission's Columbian decision stood intact. But in 1947, the Supreme Court, in the Interstate Natural-Gas Company case (331 US 682), used language widely interpreted to mean that *all* gas sales in interstate commerce for resale, including sales by independent producers, were within reach of the commission. The independents promptly sought Congressional amendment of the Natural-Gas Act to provide them explicit immunity. Rep. Ross Rizley and Sen. E. Moore, both Oklahoma Republicans, introduced bills which would have severely restricted the commission's powers. While the bills were pending, the commission issued its famous Order 139 declaring that it had no intention of regulating sales by independents to interstate pipelines under the existing Act. The Rizley bill, finally passed by the House, died in the Senate.

Meanwhile, the FPC changed its membership. Commissioner Richard Sachse resigned, leaving Commissioners Nelson Smith, Harrington Wimberly and, apparently, Leland Olds, siding with the independents, and Claude L. Draper in opposition. Olds, however, may have sided with the majority on Order 139 only as a strategic move to defeat the Rizley-Moore bills. In any event, in 1948, he announced he was prepared to go

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along with Draper (who had opposed 139) in regulating the producers. This evenly split the commission on the issue until new Commissioner Buchanan was appointed. He sided with Draper and Olds. This new majority agreed that the commission had jurisdiction over the independents and so stated when they entered opposition to new bills, introduced in the 81st Congress by Rep. Oren Harris of Arkansas and Sen. Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, both Democrats, to exempt the independents from the Act. They announced that unless Congress acted they would rescind their Order 139.

Congress responded by rejecting Olds' nomination for a new term. The Kerr bill then sailed through Congress and went to the President, who vetoed it. Congress did not try to override him. In July, 1950, the five-man FPC unanimously rescinded Order 139.

The Phillips Case. Nevertheless, the independents have now gotten from the FPC what they could not get by legislation. This they achieved in the case of the giant Phillips Petroleum Company. (Phillips, the largest single "independent" supplier of interstate pipelines in the Southwest, holds one-sixth of the acreage in the big Huguton and Panhandle gas fields. In 1947, it charged an overage 3.9 cents per thousand cubic feet for its gas and had assets of about $439 million. Its prices have been steadily on the rise ever since.)

The proceeding stemmed from a contract that this big oil and gas company made in 1945 with the new Michigan-Wisconsin Pipeline Company to provide a specified volume of gas at five cents a thousand cubic feet. Late in 1948, it found that the pipeline company could not meet its contractual obligation to complete construction of the pipeline by a certain date. Phillips agreed to extend the deadline in exchange for an eight-percent increase in the volume of gas and a 70-percent increase in the starting price, as well as a new escalator clause calling for a one-cent increase every five years.

Incensed by the Phillips' squeeze play, the Wisconsin Public Service Commission asked the FPC to investigate the big company's field prices. The commission agreed to make a study of Phillips' operations, first, to determine if it had jurisdiction over the company and, second, whether any of its rates subject to commission control were unreasonable. After three years, the study finally began in March, 1951, in Bartlesville, Okla.

The company's first act was to move for a separation of the two issues. It asked, first, for a determination of jurisdiction, then for the proposed study of its rates. The commission in Washington, over the bitter opposition of its own legal counsel, agreed, four to one, to split the issues, which had the effect of keeping out of the proceeding evidence of Phillips' costs and pricing practices. Chairman Wallgren, whose attitude toward the independents had long been in doubt, joined Commissioners Wimberly, Smith and Draper in supporting the Phillips' motion. Buchanan dissented. It was the first intimation of a change in Draper's attitude toward the independents, and it was followed by his confirmation for a new term on June 26.

In Bartlesville, the crippled hearing finally began in April. The commission's counsel and the Wisconsin Public Service Commission supported the assertion of federal jurisdiction, urging that Phillips did more than produce and gather and that, in any event, Phillips' sales to interstate pipelines were within the ambit of the commission's authority. Phillips' counsel was aided by officials of Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico in opposing commission action. The hearing lasted two months.

The commission heard two days of stormy oral argument in early July. The final decision was forecast by Chairman Wallgren's attitude. Repeatedly he attacked the Wisconsin officials and the FPC's own staff members. He charged that they were taking a position which would require the commission to have a police force of thousands, and implied that the states could do the job.

In executive session, a week later, the commission decided by the same four-to-one majority that had agreed to limit the scope of the hearing that it had no jurisdiction over Phillips. This made the reasonableness of Phillips' rates a moot question.

The majority, in its written opinion, recognized that Phillips' sales to interstate pipelines are "in interstate commerce." But it decided that they are a part of "production and gathering" and hence necessarily exempt. Dissenting, Commissioner Buchanan argued that the term, "production and gathering," refers to physical operations and does not cover sales. He also contended that the Supreme Court already has upheld the commission's authority to regulate all natural-gas sales in interstate commerce. The majority, he concluded, would perpetuate a vacuum in regulation—one that the states cannot, and the commission declines to fill.

Wisconsin officials have said that they will appeal the decision to the courts. In the meantime, the oil and gas industry, exhilarated by its capture of an unexpectedly large majority on the commission, is readying a new demand for Congressional clarification of the Natural-Gas Act. The decision must be written into the statute books before they will feel completely secure.

The consumer, on the other hand, has little cause for optimism. Even if the courts reverse, it appears unlikely that effective regulation will come from an industry-minded commission strongly disposed to a narrow interpretation of its functions. And the danger of a new Kerr bill in the 82nd Congress is not past.

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EUROPE THE BATTLEGROUND

I. The Nature of the Battle

by Michael Straight

"EUROPE is a battleground," said Milton Katz in his final speech as European head of the Economic Co-operation Administration. In the continuing battle, recovery from the devastation of war is only one short phase, and rearmament, another. The United States and Western Europe are bound together. We are part of a long-range, vital effort to transform feudalism into capitalism in Europe, class rule into democracy, continental anarchy into European union.

That effort includes the creation, through armaments, of an earned confidence in Europe's ability to defend against Soviet aggression the new life it is creating. But while fear of Russia may be the greatest spur to common action, it is not and cannot be the central binding force. "For that," Katz maintained, "you must add an affirmative element." He added:

> We can find the key in the historical process of moving West in the United States. . . . As we moved West . . . it was necessary to be ready at all times to fight Indians. . . . If the people had not been prepared to fight . . . they would not have moved West. On the other hand, if the sole purpose of moving West were to kill Indians, we likewise would not have moved West. It was the job of building a new world and realizing the great American dream that kept people moving. . . . It was a creative movement, with a deeply felt sense of purpose.

The goals are still obscure in our new Westering. But the emergence of clear goals is the outstanding experience of Europe today. Our ideas are often archaic and our supposed allies sometimes our worst enemies. Yet, on balance, we stand as the true revolutionaries. It is we who hold the initiative. It is we who press for needed change.

At each stage our effort may be overthrown in free elections. So the struggle resembles a continuing election campaign. In this campaign the basic contest is for the loyalty of the European worker, described by Dan Goldy of the ECA as one

> who lives largely on bread because its price is controlled; who lives in substandard quarters which he can afford because its rent is strictly controlled but is seldom able to heat, due to the high price of fuel; who must defer marriage sometimes for years because of the scarcity of suitable dwellings; who owns one pair of overalls and one suit and who must constantly choose between food or clothing for his family because he can't afford both.

The faith of this man in the future of democracy is all we have to build on. The reason why so many appeals for action necessary for survival meet with a disappointing response stems from two inner convictions on this man's part. The first is that nothing he does in a divided Europe can make much difference. The second is that he has little to lose if democracy should go down. His stake is minor. His outlook is forlorn. His return for harder effort is unjustly small. His incentives to work harder are consequently weak. He looks with suspicion on all political leaders. He casts his protest vote for a party which intends to destroy his right to protest. He asks with skepticism of all new programs: *Chi me lo fa fare?—What's in it for me?*

A program which could clearly lead to new schools, low-cost housing, shoes at prices European workers can afford, would generate great enthusiasm. The Marshall Plan has prepared the way for these gains by expanding basic capacity. Yet, thanks to continuing low productivity and poor distribution of wealth, the workers' living standards have not risen above prewar levels and now are falling.

These trends can be reversed, but only by drastic change. Paradoxically the European worker stands as a champion of revolution and an opponent of change. One reason is the conservatism induced by a century of stable population. In addition, progress in material conditions has seemed so far beyond the reach of the European worker that his demand for change has shifted from the realities that surround him to sterile and false abstractions.

The Communist parties of Europe, of course, exploit this duality in the working class with great skill. They formulate and press the illegitimate abstractions. They organize the resistance to change and for their own good reasons band together with conservatives to prop up an indefensible status quo.

The battle with the Communists is the open battle, fought on the surface of Europe. Every large wall in Europe has "peace" or a hammer and sickle painted on it. Every lamp post has its notice: Americans, go home! Between January and June, 1951, the Communist Party distributed three million posters, 18 million leaflets and two million booklets in Paris and its suburbs alone.

To speak of Communism as an *idea* in Europe is absurd. Communism is the Communist Party, a heavily

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financed, carefully trained, superbly organized paramilitary force. It has broken Europe down, region by region, profession by profession, prejudice by prejudice, age group by age group, city block by city block. There is nothing surprising about the votes it polls on election day. All summer long the children of city workers go to Communist camps where indoctrination accompanies fun. All winter long the Party's block captain is the man who knows where coal can be bought cheap. The trade union, controlled by the Party, is the one a worker must join to get a job. The Party is the group which offers specialized training and rapid advancement for young men with organizing skill. Communism may have started as an idea in Europe. Today Stalinism is an organization, not an idea.

In France and Italy, Communist Party publishers own the finest job-printing presses and print the biggest comic books, farmers' papers, and radio, screen and fashion magazines. The Communist Party owns huge chains of theatres. It controls farm co-operatives and draws from them a large part of the income from food distribution. Communist bankers handle all trade with Russia, China and the satellites and draw their commissions of five and 10 percent. Direct subsidies are transferred through Soviet and Communist-controlled banks such as the Banque Commerciale pour l'Europe du Nord. In "International Solidarity Funds" alone the Communist-controlled CGT acknowledged receipts of $2 million from Prague, Moscow, Sofia and Budapest between November, 1948, and January, 1949. In turn, the Communist Party spent $2 million in five months on the Paris elections, and in Italy budgets one billion lire a month for propaganda alone.

To speak of Communism as a movement which seeks to gain its ends in Europe by social and economic pressure is equally absurd. Every strike and demonstration staged by the Communist parties is organized under military formations as a rehearsal for a general uprising. The factory workers are trained in sabotage, and sabotage occurs every day across Europe. Luigi Longo, in Italy, and Laurent Casanova, in France, command large armed forces, well-trained and well-equipped with weapons stolen from factories and constabularies and smuggled in from abroad. In January, in Rome alone, the police haul of hidden Communist armaments included four mortars, 21 machine guns, 49 submachine guns, 180 automatic rifles, 655 rifles, 314 pistols, 3,431 mortar shells, 3,160 artillery shells, 8,462 hand grenades and 198 tons of explosives.

Behind these armed forces stand the 80 Soviet divisions that ring Europe. At first, Western European Communists carried out door-to-door campaigns, taking money from charwomen and concierges and giving them chits in return reading, *present this for protection purposes when the Red Army arrives.* The threat of invasion still glares through every Communist leaflet and poster. Alexander Werth and his friends may insist that Stalin is a lovable old pacifist. But Aldo Cucci and Valdo Magnani, when they toured Russia in September, 1950, as loyal Communists, were shocked first, by "the frightful impression of more cannon than trees." They saw, as they later reported, "divisions on the march, divisions at garrison posts and high military officials prominent in every public meeting." It was the new emphasis placed by Communist leaders on the conquest of power in Europe through Soviet invasion that led to their break with the Party. Magnani's first criticism, voiced at the Emilia Congress of the Italian Communist Party, was that:

> There is an opinion, fairly widespread amongst Party members, that Revolution can advance only by means of war. The peace campaign is regarded merely as a kind of camouflage. It is thought that at the present stage of the world struggle, revolution can triumph only thanks to the bayonets of an army invading our country. The comrades holding this opinion regard the Red Army . . . as the only force capable . . . of freeing the colonial peoples and the working classes of the world at present subjected by capitalism.

In France and Italy, until recently, the Communist parties have operated as a state within a state, directing their work of espionage, sabotage, violence and intimidation almost independently of governments. As masters of propaganda they went almost unchallenged. Now that, at least, has changed.

For every poster calling for "peace" in Europe there is today one published by Europeans calling for "peace with liberty." For every Communist-propaganda unit, there is an ECA sound truck pushing its way into Communist suburbs throughout France and Italy with films on reconstruction. Against the experts of the Communist Agitprop departments with their 30 years of training, and with a fraction of their budgets, ECA information officials are doing a tremendous job. Forty-five radio programs each week dramatize Marshall-Plan goals to Europeans. One in three Europeans has seen the ECA's fine series of documentary films, entitled *The Grand Design*, treating housing, health, power, transportation and food on a European-wide basis. Twenty-six million Europeans have passed through Marshall-Plan exhibits set up at fairs and in market places. "Italy is not alone!" proclaims the first section of the ECA exhibit which has toured every major Italian city; Italy is a part of Western civilization, it continues, drawing on reproductions of art and literature; Italy will rebuild

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and defend this civilization through unity with her partners, it goes on; and, it concludes, here is what you can do to help. This exhibit drew 1.5 million Italians in Milan alone.

ECA in Italy, under the brilliant direction of Frank Gervasi, has told its story in spectacular and convincing ways. An ECA art contest for children drew 7,000 entrants in three weeks from all over Italy. A motor-scooter rally, held this month in Bari, is drawing entrants from every town in Italy who, to win a tractor for first prize, must visit and report on every ECA-sponsored project in the region of Apulia.

And there are many projects worth dramatizing. In Milan, Genoa, Naples, Bari, Palermo and Rome, ECA funds have been used to build low-cost co-operative housing.

On balance, our record is good. In contrast, the Communist record is terrible. Their slogans are discredited. The major strikes and attempted insurrections they have launched have all been broken. Yet they remain a major force.

One reason is that there are two battles on Europe's battleground. The first is the open, surface battle against the Communists. In that battle we have done well. The second is the silent, undercover battle against an enemy, unidentified, unheard of and unknown in America—the European Right. By the Right, I do not mean a political group tagged with the archaic labels of the past. If liberalism implies a responsiveness to new ideas, then the civil servants and military leaders who are developing the Schuman Plan and the European Army without regard for labels are far better liberals than the band that is gathered around Aneurin Bevan to buttress the relics of irrationality and romanticism that cling to the British Labour Party. By the Right, I mean simply the forces massed in Europe to perpetuate class division, low productivity and barren nationalism. They do not cover the walls with posters or hand out leaflets in the streets. Instead they control legislatures and set the policies of governments.

In the secret battle against these groups we have done badly. We have been hesitant, fearful, half-hearted. We have been restricted by the uncreative alliance of American and European industrialists, the outworn doctrine of nonintervention, and the foolish illusion that we must not criticize "capitalism" in Europe because "capitalism" is our own way of life. In these ways we have been disarmed in the secret battle. We have barely begun to recognize the necessity for battle. Yet as long as reaction dominates in Europe and resists all efforts to create a better life for Europeans the Communists will be strong.

(This is the first of four articles on Europe and the US. The second will deal with the strength of the Right in Europe and the measures necessary to break its hold.)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMMENTATOR

by Harry Conn

THE FIRST time you meet Frank Edwards you are likely to ask him about the pin in his lapel which carries the letters "WGRC."

"That's Mutual's outlet in Louisville," he will tell you. "I used to work for them."

"But why that particular station in your lapel?" you ask him. "You've worked for a number of Mutual outlets."

"Well, I'll tell you," he will retort with a quick laugh. "This really stands for World's Greatest Radio Commentator."

You can never be sure whether that pin is anything more than a conversational springboard to Edwards, but that is precisely what millions of his listeners believe.

Edwards is sponsored each weekday night by the American Federation of Labor over the Mutual Broadcasting System. After 20 months of the present series of broadcasts, more than one neutral observer has ventured the opinion that it represents a high-water mark in labor public relations.

Today, an average of more than six million people listen to Frank Edwards each night, according to the current Neilsen ratings. Another Mutual commentator on the other side of the political fence, Fulton Lewis Jr., has a million fewer listeners than Edwards, according to the ratings, although Edwards broadcasts on only 27 stations on five nights a week and on only 131 stations on three nights while Lewis is heard over 531 stations all five times each week. Projecting these figures, Edwards, with as many outlets as Lewis, would have 54 percent more listeners, a strong showing for a relative newcomer to network commentating.

Edwards takes all this in stride. There are few people easier to converse with, easier to meet. He is a hulking six feet and 217 pounds, and every pound and every foot is obviously Midwestern. Even an amateur dialectician would have little trouble placing him in the Ohio River Valley and Southern Hoosierland.

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Edwards' success on the air is due in great part to his ability to identify himself with his audience, to explain simply to listeners how their welfare is related directly to the larger economic, social and political problems which make up the day's news. He has taken some of the most complicated measures before Congress, such as the basing-point bill and the Kerr natural-gas bill, and explained them as one man would to another, sitting around a pot-bellied stove in a general store.

What he has done for those two, he has done for many other causes. Simply and colorfully he explained the facts on rent and price controls, social security, government reform and unified charities. He has exposed the fraud in gas rates, Senator McCarthy and his dealings with the now defunct Lustron Corporation, the malpractices of the Federal Housing Administration, to name a few. He has been particularly concerned about the problems of the aged and the veterans. Almost single-handed, he exposed the Rankin GI-insurance bill last year and was credited by Sen. Herbert Lehman with helping to secure passage of the better Senate version.

With his instinct for showmanship, Edwards delights in discussing special cancer cures and flying saucers. Both are serious subjects to him, though. He personally investigated the Pittsburgh cancer treatment, where some positive results were obtained in terminal cases, and has been attacked by the Allegheny County and the American Medical Associations, for praising it. He has been interested in the phenomena of flying saucers for over 20 years and considers this "the most fascinating topic I have ever handled." He broke the *True Magazine* story on "Flying Saucers Are Real" last year when he received the galley proofs from the printer by mistake.

Morris Novik, AFL radio consultant, says that Edwards has complete freedom to say what he wants on the air. "We do not censor his program," Novik says. "No one reads over his script before broadcast. We give our statements, at the end of each broadcast, a statement on what the AFL stands for, just like any other sponsor. But he says what he wants to, and certainly he has far less to apologize for in sponsors than most commentators."

Edwards is the product of a fabulous past. He was born in Mattoon, Ill., in 1908, and all his early days were spent in Illinois and Indiana. His father was a railroad worker who took his wife, Frank and two daughters from town to town where work was available. By the time Edwards had finished high school in 1925, he had gone to 52 schools. "I had to learn to be a fast talker," he recalls, "or I'd never get acquainted with anybody."

In high school, in New Albany, Ind., Edwards' first attempt at public speaking was inauspicious. He was about to speak before the school assembly when one of his sharp-eyed fellow students let go with a tinfoil paperwad that landed square on his upper lip. His lip began to swell at such a rapid rate that all he could do was mumble. The speech was cancelled.

But Edwards learned showmanship long before his high-school days. The summer he was 11 years old and living in Sullivan, Ind., he went out on the patent-medicine circuit with an old friend of his father. "Ole Doc White," he remembers, "was a wonderful guy with white hair and mustache just about like the movies picture a patent-medicine salesman. He had a line of gab a mile long. He traveled in a picturesque old stage coach drawn by six beaten nags and sold submarine ear oil which could cure deafness. You know, ole Doc really had a line. The Swedish scientists had discovered this oil which is extracted from the inner ear of a fish, he'd tell the people, and they found a way of preserving it in a little bottle the color of sea water. Such things as density didn't bother him at all."

Edwards got up from his desk chair to illustrate the show Doc put on. "He'd ask for a deaf guy from the crowd," he said, "and when the guy'd come up, he'd grab him around the neck in an arm lock, like this." He wrapped his left arm around the head of his leg man, Paul Green. "He'd put in a couple of drops of submarine ear oil, like this, and then work his ear over with his knuckle as hard as he could." He gave Green a work-

(*Continued on page 23*)

Frank Edwards — a self-portrait

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *Smelly Oil Mendacity*

WHEN THE Walter "oil steal" bill (HR 4484) was being debated on the floor of the House there was plenty of plain and fancy lying to cover up the deliberate theft from the people of oil properties valued from $40 billion to $100 billion.

It was pretended by those favoring the "steal" that their reason was to protect the title of their states to their inland waterways. Of course, this was a pure invention, but those who elected to go overboard clinging to a simulacrum of a life preserver decided that, with an election coming on next year, a broken reed is better than none.

The debate on Rep. F. E. Walter's "big steal" bill in the House was one of the funniest on record, but not funny enough to be worth the $40-$100 billion that it proposes to take away from the people of the US and give to the oil interests via the states of California, Louisiana and Texas. There is not enough alibi to go around among so many generous "representatives" of the people. But what was said on the floor, even by members who insist that they are lawyers, was nothing in comparison with the "falsies" exhibited by individuals to their constituents to explain their generosity to the Standard Oil Company of California, the Humble Oil Company of Texas (a Standard of New Jersey subsidiary), *et al*

For instance, consider the letter written by Rep. E. Y. Berry of South Dakota to one of his constituents. This long but uproarious letter is worth reading because it proves how at least one Congressional mind can bemuse itself. Accepting without question the false coinage of "inland waterways," Berry was fearful that Uncle Sam might grab those of South Dakota. His letter showed his teeming brain to be as full of worries as a dog is of fleas. He was fearful that, under the doctrine of the California case, grasping Uncle Sam might take over "the potash of New Mexico and Texas; the mercury of California, Oregon and Texas; the copper of Utah, Arizona, Montana and Michigan; the iron of Alabama and Minnesota; the aluminum of Arkansas; the phosphate of Idaho, Tennessee and Florida; the coal of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Virginia, Ohio and Maryland"; and so on and on, while possessing himself, as he raids the states, of "the tungsten of Colorado; the titanium of Virginia; and the gold of South Dakota, Colorado and California."

Moreover, as Berry lies awake nights worrying about the possible depredations by Uncle Sam, in his mind's eye he sees with horror this once beneficent symbol grabbing "the cotton of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Texas and Arkansas; the wool and mohair of the Southwestern and Western states; leather; lumber; and the innumerable products that can be made from natural gas." Thus the active, if irrational, imagination of Mr. Berry proves to him that, unless Congress hurries to surrender all of the nation's immensely valuable offshore oil to the oil tycoons without compensation, Uncle Sam would go into his home state of South Dakota, not to take its oil, because it has none, but its wheat and its corn and probably—although the worrying Berry does not go that far—its jack rabbits. And what is the immense wealth of the offshore oil deposits as compared with the jack rabbits of South Dakota or the "kelp, lobsters, clams, mussels and fish" of Maine which certain Congressmen from that state are so vigorously defending from the expected grabbing by this same Uncle Sam, although they are willing to permit him to develop the expensive power potentialities at Passamaquoddy?

Incidentally, Mr. Berry was too busy worrying about his inland waterways to introduce a bill to make sure that title to them could not be questioned, although that title is quite secure as it is. He was so agitated about inland waterways that he failed to vote for the Mansfield or the Case amendment to the Walter "big steal" bill, either one of which would have made existing assurance doubly sure that Uncle Sam could not take over the inland waterways of any state.

A new virus disease that has not yet yielded to the newest of the wonder drugs seems to have brought low many of the members of Congress. It is known as "inland waterways on the brain." While it is said to be incurable, its ravages may be mitigated by relieving the United States, and therefore Congress, of any cause for worry about another piddling Tea-Pot Dome scandal. Turn over the offshore oil lands, as a free-will gift, to the oil plutocrats and Congress need not worry about some future cabinet member going to jail to atone for a lie to cover up an attempted theft of a modicum of federally owned oil. "Him as has gits" is a homely and meaningful saying. And who "has" more, and therefore is entitled to "git" more, than the Standard Oil Company of California or the Humble Oil Company of Texas (a Standard of New Jersey affiliate), as well as others of the same ilk? What the oil tycoons hold by free gift, they do not have to steal. And to remove the temptation to steal may help to improve the deplorably low moral tone of the nation. HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

ASPECTS OF FRENCH TASTE

by Lincoln Kirstein

MALRAUX'S third massive volume concludes his study of aspects of taste and the ways of reviewing art. Except to urge its reading, a brief note of so broad, so brilliant a work is worse than none. There must be few critics able to tackle it on its own scale. Orthodox art historians resent amateurs successfully poaching on their preserves; esthetes may be upset that Malraux erects no formal system. Both forget that amateurs are qualified by the quality of their love, not by pride of fact or competitive secrets.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE ABSOLUTE, by André Malraux (Bollingen Series XXIV; $12.50).

A century ago, Baudelaire pursued a similar study more modestly. Rather than attempt to correlate the art of the world, he annotated his contemporaries —notably in extended glosses on Guys, Delacroix, dolls and dandies—and thus he fixed the genius of urban modernity. His definition serves us still. An accomplished draftsman, he thought and wrote in visual terms. His famous sonnet on correspondences in nature presents more of a system than anything in Malraux.

Malraux is a seductive stylist who, like Chateaubriand or Michelet, may be read long after his opinions are chiefly useful to illustrate their epoch. He has been a man of action, administrator of policy, political as well as artistic, but one doubts that he has sketched much, and, despite his graceful prose, he is no poet. In describing pictures he seems, however sensitive to parallels in ideographic forms among divergent cultures, insensitive to techniques of rendering. He makes provocative *aperçus*, rather than deep inscriptions or prophecies. Unlike Baudelaire, who predicted the taste of our century, Malraux mainly recapitulates it.

His chief source of illustrations is the Louvre (what is now La Musée de l'Art Français and La Musée de l'Homme), whose great collections of Western European and Near Eastern art, French art and folk art continue to form the taste of Parisians. It is a broad taste; in his time, art has married archeology and anthropology has produced artifacts worth artistic judgment. Not that Malraux ignores other collections or cultures; in general he has overlooked little except architecture, British painting and Post-Colombian art. But he is not concerned with the provinces nor was he compiling an encyclopedia.

He is most taken up with the metamorphosis of taste: how works of art created in an earlier era for one end have come to be worshiped in our time for others. Cathedrals become museums; museums replace churches. Faith in a Creator has turned into worship of creative acts, or rather of artists and their efforts. Human will is substituted for praise of the divine; idiosyncrasy for observation. It is hard to tell whether or not Malraux feels man has had much outside help in his work. Is love of art enough to make great art? Does love of art mean the savoring of objects in their material contexts, or an apprehension of the factors, moral as well as magical, that went into their making?

His method is montage: cutting (he has also been a film director). He essays a mosaic work of art from fragments of art work; he almost succeeds. His is an exalted cookery, an intellectual *haute cuisine* in which provocative juxtapositions of taste are as much the aim as simple nutrition. We seem to overhear him in one of the salons or cafés which must have been the birthplace of many of his finest pages. The salon is an institution which permits formal verbalizing; containing one *causeur* at a time, it is arranged to harbor interlocutors but not disputants.

Malraux writes first as a Frenchman, and never more so than when he states flatly of Bosch and Titian: "We profess only to admire their color," and thus shows himself refreshingly oblivious of contemporary German iconographers, Panofsky, Saxl, Wind. "What poems contemporary with Watteau rank beside his art?" Those of Alexander Pope. (One suspects he knows Shakespeare through Gide and Victor Hugo; British art through Constable and Bonington alone.) In denying that any medieval art descends to us unaltered in its perfect brightness, he forgets manuscripts, miniatures, armor, ivories, metalwork, enamels and much architecture: see the Cloisters. Malraux has the freshness as well as the lack of authority of the autodidact. His information is arranged as self-expression; any check on it might have reduced his scope.

He accepts the School of Paris at face value, as a patriot, but not as a philosopher aware of the grand Cartesian division of ends and means and what it has made of Western art. Are Rouault's judges indeed "supremely tragic"? Are they not rather masks, impersonations of tragic irony or ironic tragedy; do they rank with the supremacy of tragedy of Rembrandt, Daumier or even Van Gogh? Only a Frenchman will finally be allowed to re-establish a balance of values replacing the idolatry of modern French painting. It might have been Malraux.

It will not be easy, as proposed, to transform his three volumes into a textbook, to be taught as theory or applied to objects other than those he illustrates. Although familiar with sites and styles, Malraux is increasingly content to let reproductions serve as final statements. Photographs in the book are so enlarged or diminished or cropped that the scale of forms and balance of color-areas are altered or lost. Malraux's offering of fragments is often as willful as it is tasty. He tends to force one type

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of form into another; the miniature, for his purposes, becomes monumental. Malraux, a master at making metamorphosis his conscious aim, surprises an object out of its intention, but the editing is personal rather than illustrative of popular or historic acceptance. His is not a history of the transformations of taste but a mirror of enlightened modern French taste. One recalls the impatience of the de Goncourts after one of the brilliant Magny dinners: "Every political argument comes to this: I am better than you are. Every literary argument, to this: My taste is better than yours. Every dispute about art, to this: I have better eyesight than you have."

To write summarily of Malraux is captious. The amount of his work, his looking and finding, his reading and writing, his living and thinking, demand an equivalent effort on any critic's part. One would like to have the opinion of Meyer Schapiro at Columbia or A. Hyatt Mayor at the Metropolitan Museum on such a statement as "Italian Mannerism affected Europe rather as a school of poetry than through its form." Could it not be shown, with illustrations from such diverse, idiosyncratic artists as Bellange and Fuseli, Greco and Blake, that the influence was just the reverse? Is not mannerism a type of art primarily prompted by other art? Is it not modeled on a preconception of formal rendering: the scale, bulk, strain and elegance of Michaelangelo, for example (in Pontormo, Bronzino, Parmigianino), rather than ideas from Plato, Ovid or Plotinus?

But this review serves only as a side word. It cannot close without noting Stuart Gilbert's fine translation, in most cases a revelation of the text. But, just as *The Twilight of the Absolute* seems an odd offering for *La Monnaie* (The Currency) *de l'Absolu,* so there are a number of inexplicable passages and references which make us feel Gilbert is less familiar with art than with Malraux. This is most obvious in names of pictures and artists for which there is no general agreement between French and English; there was a need for some stiff editing on the part of the Bollingen Press. *Kouroi* are called *Korés.* "Hugo's genius reaches out like Booz, into a cosmic realm. . ." No Booz in the Index; Boaz, in the Book of Ruth? Some day an editor must work over the three volumes. They are an important manual to the methods of looking at objects, and criticism must strain itself to deny the pleasure they provide.

OCCUPATION & PERSUASION

FAILURE IN JAPAN: WITH KEYSTONES FOR A PARTIAL POLICY, by Robert Textor (John Day; $3).

FAILURE IN JAPAN is an important book. Robert Textor, who spent twenty-six months in responsible positions with the Occupation and believes it has brought American policy to the verge of yet another disaster in Asia, has written the most comprehensive and best documented criticism of our Japanese policy yet published.

Examining the record item by item, he finds that, beginning in 1947, Occupation objectives shifted from democratization to political stability and economic recovery; and that we have since come full circle, backing the most conservative forces in Japanese society, making a mockery of civil liberties, restricting the activities of labor unions, avoiding any real dispersal of business control. He views the fruits of this policy with dismay. Japan's prewar power structure remains fundamentally unchanged. The aspirations of the working class have been raised while the democratic means of realizing them have been denied, setting the stage for the ultimate triumph of extremists, Right or Left. We have given a demonstration of American democracy in action that, at best, will not win us friends in a revolutionary Asia.

Mr. Textor is careful with his facts, but some of his judgments seem dubious. First, he assumes that, with better policies and policy makers, the democratization of Japan could have been substantially achieved. No doubt they would have helped enormously, but that we, as foreigners and in a few years, could thereby have overcome the obstacles to democracy presented by Japanese political tradition, population density, poverty of resources, authoritarian family life, and religious beliefs, to mention only a few of the difficulties, seems to me too optimistic an estimate of our own power and the pliability of the Japanese.

Second, he blames the Occupation for a failure that belongs to the American people. It is true that the men who ran the Occupation were ill-equipped by experience and educational background for their mission, and in important cases were actively hostile to our announced objectives. But it was the American government that put the Army in charge, and the American people who supported its policies, overwhelmingly, for more than five years of Occupation.

The author suggests that we now attempt to retrieve our failure by continuing the Occupation, under civilian auspices and with new policies. He assumes that a change in command would make all the difference. Obviously it would not, if we have not been misrepresented in Japan. And the suggestion must also be ruled out on other grounds. We have already lost the power to govern Japan. By attempting to reassert our controls at this late date, we would assuredly run headlong into Japanese nationalism; and nothing could so quickly make a shambles of American influence.

As an alternative, Mr. Textor advocates that we "pull out of Japan as soon as possible" to avert the worst consequences of our failure. What he means by this is not clear. But if he means that we should reduce our interests and activities in Japan to an absolute minimum, this will do no better than the first suggestion. The Occupation has positive achievements to its credit: land reform, local control of education, demilitarization, public-health measures, constitutional innovations, the new civil and criminal codes. We can no more write off these gains than we can start all over again. While our influence in Japan has been sharply reduced, for some years to come it will be within our power to give important help to those Japanese most interested in protecting and enlarging upon democratic gains. To do so, we will have to rely primarily upon a *generous* economic and technical-aid program (in no case can we withhold minimum aid),

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given conditionally and subject to detailed supervision. But whether we use the power that remains to us wisely or not depends on a better informed and more alert American electorate; and to this end—or beginning—Mr. Textor has made an important contribution.

THOMAS C. SMITH

Thomas C. Smith is assistant professor of History at Stanford University and served as a Japanese interpreter during the war, with the Marines and later for SCAP.

POLITICAL RECLUSE

DOMINATIONS AND POWERS, by George Santayana (Scribner's; $4.50).

AN IMPRESSIVE philosophic record lies behind and influences this study "on liberty, society, and government." The persistent thread in Santayana's interpretations of the human spirit—from his masterworks, the five-volume *Life of Reason, Dialogues in Limbo, Scepticism and Animal Faith*, to the present volume in the philosophy of politics—is naturalism. Summed up in a favorite phrase, that naturalism becomes: everything ideal has a natural basis and everything natural an ideal fulfillment.

The title of the current book, which employs the philosophic notes and jottings of thirty years, reinforces this general outlook. "Dominations" and "Powers," Santayana cautions us, are two categories basic to a naturalist philosophy. By a "power" Santayana means any natural need translated into the action of an organism using its environment to further its own growth. In this sense, powers may involve cruelty (the large fish will unhesitatingly swallow the small fish), but the cruelty is not deliberate or practised for its own sake. It is innocent and morally neutral. By a "domination" Santayana means willful aggression on the part of a conscious being, imposing its fixed plans upon others. Dominations are intended actions that thwart or subdue the vital liberty of fellow human beings. They are morally evil, since they are malevolent, egotistical and usually accompanied by insincere representations.

With liberal imagination and philosophic patience, Santayana follows the pattern of dominations and powers throughout the three orders of society. The Generative Order has to do with family, custom and traditions. The Militant Order concerns voluntary forms of explicit association — typical organizations like armies, political parties, systems of economic enterprise, politically ambitious churches. The Rational Order considers attempts to liberate all human interests, "especially those that being ideal . . . do not materially trample on one another, and that . . . can often be pursued together, to the delight and enrichment of a rationalist mind." The crowning triumph of the Rational Order would be a liberal, universal empire, one for which Santayana believes the world is now crying "and almost creating it against all national wills." But no putative universal power in the field today can promise universality and stability and still guarantee that all culture will be left, unmolested, to free associations.

Upon reflection, one must regard this latest book of Santayana's as an oddity. Think of a philosophic monk who pursues his naturalistic devotions in the Convent of the Blue Nuns in Rome. As ever, Santayana remains perched far above the scene as he surveys the normal madness of men caught in the play of passion and action. With fancy free and spirit liberated to survey the vast ranges of past societies, even to an imagined pre-history and pre-society; with ripe reflections on the world's religions which he inveterately regards as prized poetic myths; and with an encompassing temporal perspective that treats the present as a minor incident in the vast past of the human race, this philosophic recluse discourses of political blunders and deficiencies and sums up by recommending a refined monarchical synthesis as the best form of government for man.

One curious and revealing fact about this book on "liberty, society, and government" flows from Santayana's detachment. It is the absence of a single reference to the great traducers of liberty in the modern world, Hitler and Mussolini. Stalin's name is mentioned exactly once and then in a casual conjunctive clause. Yet fanatics and fanaticism are the most repulsive moral and political elements in history for this sensitive and spiritual philosopher. One gathers that the fanatics of the distant past are more oppressive to his spirit than those of our time.

Thus the reader must be prepared for the paradox of a book on politics that is essentially a-political, and of a liberal imagination that indulges in eccentric judgments about the shortcomings of democratic theory and practice. In place of relevant reflection on the pressing political problems and tendencies of a dramatic age like ours, Santayana broods upon the necessary limitations to which the human psyche is born, and offers an ironic, almost sportive, vision of the relativity of rationality and rightness in human life. The grandeur of the eternal human effort to live by illusions and yet to resign oneself to their ultimate defeat is intimately evoked.

Perhaps Santayana left this book to his eighty-eighth year because he himself suspected that his great themes and his spontaneous mastery of the art of literary psychology and philosophy were suited to morality and to the delineation of the human psyche, but not to political philosophy.

ADRIENNE KOCH

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WITCHES IN CALIFORNIA

THE TENNEY COMMITTEE, by Edward L. Barrett Jr. (Cornell University Press; $5).

THIS IS A STUDY by a law professor at the University of California of the Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities of California, described *pianissimo* in the introduction by Robert Cushman of Cornell as "one of the most dramatically conspicuous" of legislative committees on "un-American activities." The book is based almost exclusively upon committee hearings, reports and other public sources of information. It includes a detailed description of its more important investigations: the Japanese hearings, the Sleepy Lagoon case, the educational system, and the committee's examinations of Emmett Lavery, Florence Eldridge and Judge Leon Yankwich. Its message has significance for anyone whose conception of civil rights goes beyond substituting one loyalty board for another.

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The evil of witch hunts is that the hunted and their supporters usually defend themselves rather than civil liberty. Group after group falls into the trap of explaining why it is not Communist. Barrett, seeming to understand this, says that "all persons, including Communists, are entitled to full constitutional protection in their lawful activities." Yet even he finds it "pertinent to examine here my own position" and to disavow connection with organizations on the Tenney List. He warns against a permanent committee on un-American activities, and attacks charges "on the basis of unrevealed and untested evidence." Yet he never reaches the inevitable conclusion that "un-American"-activities committees serve no legitimate function, since their goal—inquiry into beliefs and associations—cannot be other than evil. LEONARD B. BOUDIN

Leonard B. Boudin, a New York labor lawyer, contributes to the Harvard Law Review, the Virginia Quarterly and other periodicals.

MUSIC: End-of-Summer Jottings

FEW SUMMER musical enterprises are as meaningless as the set of concerts presented for mass consumption in the Music Shed at Tanglewood. Of the nine subscription programs played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra all but one—Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis,* conducted by Leonard Bernstein in tribute to the memory of Serge Koussevitzky—were largely rehashes of the orchestra's winter repertory in Symphony Hall. Only three pieces by living composers (Arthur Honegger, Aaron Copland and Samuel Barber) were included in the list, and the two American works were very short. Luigi Dallapiccola, the distinguished Italian composer who was guest instructor at the Berkshire Music Center (the school operated by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in conjunction with the festival), was not awarded the courtesy of a single representation on the programs. Expediency replaced taste and intelligence; and the round of standard works was unbroken by special occasions of the sort Koussevitzky used to create with revivals of little-played scores.

Charles Munch, who conducted all but two of the nine Shed concerts (Eleazar de Carvalho, Koussevitsky's Brazilian protégé, directed one) appeared to agree that the whole affair was pretty empty. In the constant nervous tension of his conducting, the absurdly fast speeds he maintained and the horrendous loud noises he required the players to make there was none of the unruffled sense of the importance of the undertaking that made Koussevitzky's Tanglewood concerts impressive even when, as was sometimes the case, he was pontifical rather than profound.

Leonard Bernstein's performance of the Beethoven Mass was the high point of this otherwise undistinguished season. At other times Bernstein has been as guilty as Munch of giving nineteenth-century scores the speed-and-glamor treatment. In this memorial to his musical godfather, however, he revealed all his best qualities and none of his commercial patina. He had thoroughly mastered the music and he led his players and singers in a realization of it that was unforced and genuinely exalted in mood.

An encouraging shift in public interest was evident. Attendance fell off slightly at the scissors-and-paste Music Shed series, and increased greatly at the Bach, Haydn and Mozart concerts played in the smaller Theatre-Concert Hall by Munch and an orchestra of chamber size. A series of one-man programs may not be the most original idea on earth, but the gravitation of the public toward them and away from the pot-pourris of the big orchestra suggests that the public agrees with Munch and me that there ought to be some discernible point to a season that is called a festival.

Dallapiccola. The presence of Dallapiccola as a teacher of composition crowned the generally worthy efforts of the summer school at Tanglewood. A short man (five foot two) in his middle forties, with a large head, a shock of graying hair and a volatile Tuscan temperament, Dallapiccola created an atmosphere of alert intellectual inquiry in both his small composition classes and the Saturday-morning seminars to which the entire school was invited. He employs the advanced twelve-tone system of Arnold Schönberg in his own music, but he inherits and preserves many of the valuable traditions of European musical and artistic culture. No admirer of intellectual snobbery, he required his students to probe beneath the surface: he startled them, for instance, by asserting that anyone with a smattering of musical education can understand Verdi's *Falstaff*—commonly considered caviar to the general—while only a real musician can appreciate the depth and beauty of *Il Trovatore.*

Lewisohn Stadium. Last year the Stadium Concerts, played in the stadium of the College of the City of New York and promoted by the indefatigable Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer, had hard going, and a combination of rain and poor attendance led to the cancellation of the final week. This summer matters were more encouraging. The weather was kind and the public was receptive. Moreover, Mrs. Guggenheimer and her conductors succeeded in clarifying considerably the purposes of the enterprise. Gone were nearly all the lame ducks and half-talents who used to be granted solo appearances and the programs that mixed serious and trivial music, which were aimed at attracting everybody and attracted almost nobody. The symphonic concerts, given on the first evenings of the week, were played with more spirit and precision than before; the soloists were out of the top drawer; and Dimitri Mitropoulos and Pierre Monteux, in particular, gave performances that helped the audience forget the long subway trip and the planes overhead. The weekend concerts, devoted to Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Viennese waltzes, and the like, were bright and capable.

New London. The modern dance had its annual innings at New London during the American Dance Festival sponsored by Connecticut College. Mexico-born José Limón was the hero of the

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four-day weekend, as he should have been, since apart from Martha Graham (who will not appear at the festival) he is the only non-balletic dancer in America whose technique, communicative power and creative ideas are all first class. With the co-operation of the Mexican Government, which paid the transportation of four dancers, and some handsome scenery and costumes by Miguel Covarrubias, Limón offered a Mexican night, in which he gave striking samples of the choreography he devised last winter for the Mexican National Ballet.

CECIL SMITH

MOVIES

Renoir in India

THERE IS no theme that story-tellers are less likely to pursue successfully than the turmoil of adolescence. Having themselves forgotten its content, they fail in sympathy and prod unfeelingly into this chrysalis-age with laughter or sentimentality. If for no other reason, therefore, *The River*, made by Jean Renoir from Rumer Godden's novel, is a rare accomplishment.

But Renoir has not only explored his story with understanding, he has displayed it with taste and loveliness. *The River* concerns an English family living in India, in a river town of the Ganges, and it was filmed out there in Technicolor. Renoir has taken wonderful advantage of the material at hand—the bazaars, the festivals, the jute mill managed by the father of the family, the life on the river and the life on its banks. Miss Godden's family, however, is not part of the Indian world; it is friendly to it but self-sufficient, recognizing the irreconcilable differences. And Renoir does not try to bring the two parts of his picture together. He observes the family for a while and then, attracted by movement on the water or sounds from the village, turns to watch the Indians. The two elements flow on together and the switch from one to the other seems entirely casual. Actually, the directing and editing are subtly calculated to heighten by contrast and suspense a story that is built for the most part of small events and decorous relationships.

Harriet, the "I" of the story, is fourteen and the eldest child of the family (there are many little sisters and one little brother). Her friend, Valerie, seems to her hopelessly grown-up at eighteen and hopelessly more beautiful. Into their lives comes a young American soldier, crippled and bitter and therefore a knight forlorn to the girls. In the weeks that follow nothing happens that does not happen in almost every family—that is, love and death, parting and growing up. That these events are made to seem important and meaningful, but never portentous, is the result of the honesty with which the story was written and the modest brilliance with which it is directed and performed.

The cast, almost entirely unknown, is extraordinarily well chosen and intelligently handled. Patricia Walters, as Harriet, conveys perfectly the touching fierceness and vulnerability of adolescence, and Adrienne Corri is as good in the part of the insecurely glamorous Valerie. Rahda, an Indian dancer, gives a thrilling performance in a dance of love to the god Krishna in a fairy-tale interlude, but her role of half-caste friend of the other girls is curiously remote from the story. She seems to be present more for her exotic beauty than for any part she has to play. Nora Swinburne and Esmond Knight play the parents; Thomas E. Breen is the soldier.

The River will be exploited as a "big event" to the booming of the publicity drums, but there is no bombast or pretense to the picture itself. It is proof again that when a man knows what he wants to say, and when he is an artist, he can make his points quietly.

When you change a title from *An American Tragedy* to *A Place in the Sun* you give your hand away. Dreiser's sordid little hero with his sordid little problem wanted that sunny spot, right enough, but the uncompromising title was as right for the novel as the ambiguously cheerful one is for the movie.

It is a smooth picture, intelligently directed by George Stevens, intelligently acted by Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters and Elizabeth Taylor. Unfortunately, the power and bite of the book have been lost in the polite competence of the screen. These are such nice, such obviously successful people, they must be playing charades. There is nothing to indicate that the boy Clift plays would ever kill the girl Shelley Winters plays even for Miss Taylor's alluring and so-decent heiress. And, in fact, there is nothing in the picture to show that he did kill her. He had murder on his mind (the best of us do, from time to time), his better nature wrestled with it, she gave a sudden lurch and there they were in the water. *What* an unfortunate young man.

I give Miss Winters a high mark for her portrayal of a whining, scared, indignant but pathetically generous girl; but there doesn't seem much use in dragging Dreiser's classic off the shelf just to dress it in this elegant, ambivalent production. The movie presents a tragedy; the book described an American tragedy—not at all the same thing.

Now the writer who thought up *Iron Man*—one William R. Burnett by name—really produced a beaut. His hero is a gentlemanly prize fighter of championship caliber who suffers from a mental quirk that transforms him into a homicidal maniac whenever he is poked in the snoot. If you can swallow this whale of an idea, you'll find it has been quite ably performed by Jeff Chandler, Evelyn Keyes, Stephen McNally and an attractive youngster named Rock Hudson. There is the usual business about scheming managers, the right girl and the wrong one, and the corrupting effect of power; there is a heartlifting reconciliation scene after the final knockout; but Chandler gets at least some plausibility into the role of the addled slugger. Watch out you don't snicker, though, when the wicked brother (McNally) whispers, "Here it comes" and Chandler has to make like Mr. Hyde to the terror and indignation of opposing pugs, gymnasium hangers-on and gentlemen of the press. An interesting sequel to *Iron Man* could be made on that famous misfit, the brain surgeon with palsy.

ROBERT HATCH

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(*Continued from page 16*)

out for a minute. "Then," he continued, as Green yelped and broke away from him, "the poor guy would break loose from Doc and jump across the platform, breathing hard. Ole Doc would speak so slowly the guy could practically read his lips, saying, 'You can hear me now, can't you.' The poor deaf guy, knowing that he had enough, yelled, 'Yep! Yep!' And, boy, we sure sold those bottles of submarine ear oil. Doc told them if they weren't deaf now, they might be someday or somebody in their family might. And each night, we'd get in the stage coach and fill up some more of those little bottles, the color of sea water, with some more cotton-seed oil."

His first experience in radio was in 1924, the year before he finished high school. He was visiting in Pittsburgh where a friend was working for Station KDKA. When Edwards wandered into the station they needed somebody to do announcing, and he volunteered for the job. "They hired me," he said. "Seems like talking was about the easiest thing in the world for me."

He worked for a few months and then went back to Indiana to finish high school. After graduation, he was a golf professional briefly, but by 1927 he had swung on to the tail-end of the vaudeville period and was a master of ceremonies for an illusion show which specialized in making girls disappear. It was set up with an intricate group of mirrors and lights and controlled by wires and ropes. The show opened in Little Rock, Ark., and went broke a month later in Missouri when somebody pulled the wrong ropes.

When the last rites were said over vaudeville, he was hired by a chewing-gum company to help sell their product. One of the stunts was to land in ball parks in an autogiro; it was Edwards' duty to give free samples of the gum to "all the dirty little kids."

In the early 1930s, he was hired by a documentary-film company making travelogues. His interest in photography, an expensive present-day hobby, began when a friend left a camera in his garage. After his travelogue days, Edwards continued film work on the West Coast and attended some classes at UCLA, taking courses in group psychology, history and political science.

Back in his familiar Midwest by 1933, he ran a sports program in Louisville over WLAP. "The station was flat broke," he recalls, "and so was I. They let me work out my own money deals, and I had an arrangement with a broken-down pilot of a big, old tri-motored plane. I plugged him on the air, and he gave me 10 free rides a week. I also received 640 passes to four first-run theatres a week for plugging their pictures. With all these plane rides and passes, I could eat. I went to the Magnolia Restaurant there and gave out several passes to the waitresses and a half dozen to the cashier and that paid for the feed."

Later Edwards edited a daily newspaper in New Albany until the Ohio Valley flood in 1937. The water expanded the rolls of paper stock so much that the warehouse collapsed and so did the daily newspaper. He returned to radio work at WGRC in Louisville and on the side promoted a fair.

With the advent of war in 1941, he worked in a chemical plant and a shipyard before moving out on the road selling War Bonds. In the fall of 1944, he went back to broadcasting on WIBC in Indianapolis.

"I went to WIBC," he says, "to see if the public could be interested in a news program where commentators had absolute freedom of speech." At WIBC and at WISH, after 1947, he used his freedom to conduct a vigorous campaign exposing corruption in both the Indiana and Indianapolis governments. Much of the credit for the cleaning out of both the Republican state and city administrations that followed went to him. It was here that he first attracted the attention of labor leaders.

In October, 1949, Mutual asked Edwards to go to St. Paul to cover the AFL national convention. The next month Mutual offered him a network news spot. Meanwhile the AFL became interested and arranged to start his series on January 1, 1950.

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